



02913
THE DEADLY
HANDS OF
KUNG FU

SEPT. No 16

\$1



NO MAN CAN STAND AGAINST...

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU

**BREAKOUT! THE SONS OF THE TIGER IN
A RIOT OF MARTIAL ARTS MAYHEM!**

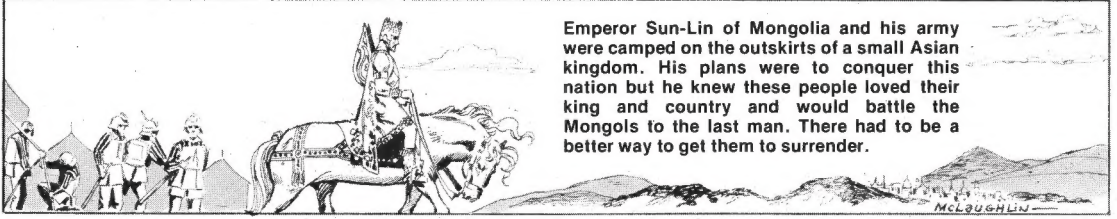
MARVEL



**EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW:**

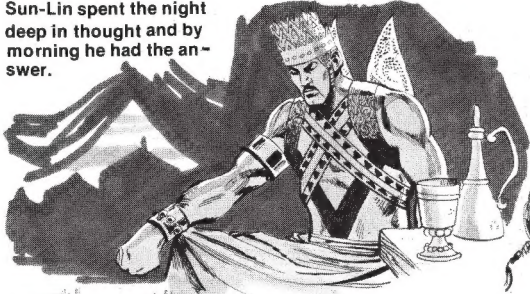
JHOON RHEE

MASTER OF TAE KWAN DO

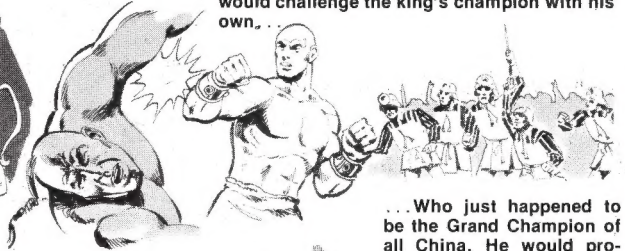


Emperor Sun-Lin of Mongolia and his army were camped on the outskirts of a small Asian kingdom. His plans were to conquer this nation but he knew these people loved their king and country and would battle the Mongols to the last man. There had to be a better way to get them to surrender.

Sun-Lin spent the night deep in thought and by morning he had the answer.



The Mongol knew the king of this land was a devotee of the Martial Arts like himself. He would challenge the king's champion with his own.

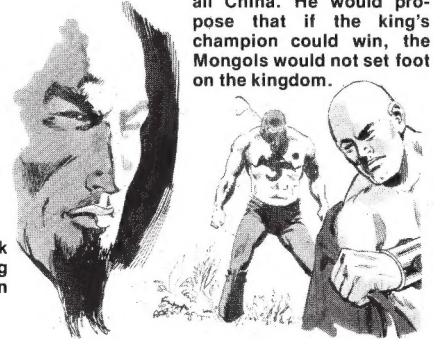


...Who just happened to be the Grand Champion of all China. He would propose that if the king's champion could win, the Mongols would not set foot on the kingdom.



A messenger presented the proposal to the king who secretly felt it best to avoid bloodshed. He accepted the challenge and agreed to have his champion, *The Masked Dragon of the Moon*, ready to fight at noon.

Tensions rose to a peak during that long, morning approach to the afternoon of combat.



The king's champion attacked from the very start. His land and his people were at stake, and he was prepared to fight to the death. Two flying kicks to the Chinese giant's head ended the fight almost before it began, but the crowd gasped in amazement as the Dragon unmasked.

The king himself was his country's champion and his weapon of surprise had worked. The kicking techniques used were his own invention and are now very famous in modern karate.



By the way, his kingdom was Siam, and as promised, the Mongols left... never to return. In fact, Siam has never been occupied by foreign troops to this day.

STAN LEE presents

THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU™

Vol. 1, No. 16

Sept. 1975

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MASTER OF KUNG FU: DEMONS IN PAINTED DEATH!

By Doug Moench & Rudy Nebres

In the lair of the Golden Dragon Shang-Chi finds that nothing is what it seems . . . that friend may suddenly be foe . . . and death is the only constant!

Page 7

SONS OF THE TIGER: THE RITES OF EVERY CITIZEN!

By Bill Mantlo, George Perez, and Steve Gan

The Tiger Sons use staffs and nunchakus against an entire prison . . . and even that may not be enough to save their lives!

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THE CORPSE RIDER!

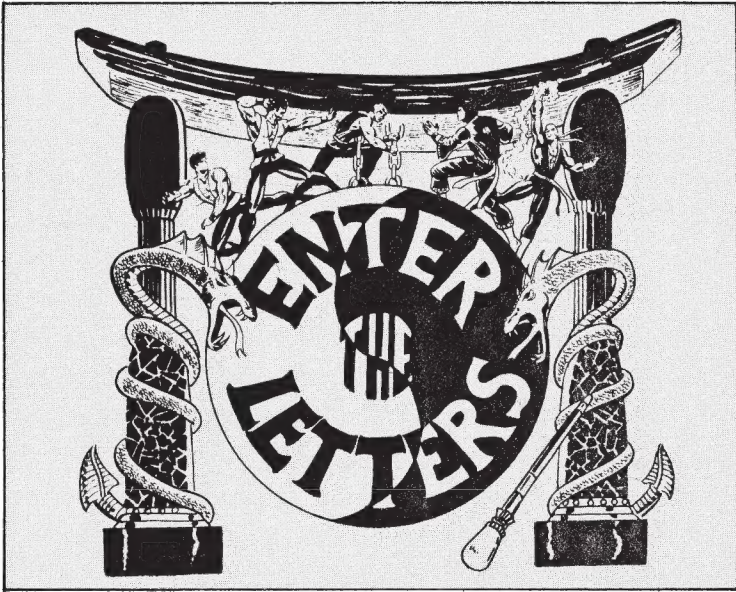
By John David Warner & Sanho Kim

Samurais, ninjas and ancient curses . . . and one long, *deadly* night!

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Although we printed letters concerning our twelfth edition of DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU, we've yet to receive your comments concerning our next offering, the terrifying thirteenth tome. Therefore, with your permission, we'll omit our customary Readers' Poll and print letters dealing with several of our past issues. A collage of reactions to our recent endeavors.

But just because there isn't a Readers' Poll this month, doesn't mean that you have been released from your obligation, nay duty and honor, to write us about the *current* issue.

But let us retain our dignity, and proceed with your comments. Domo.

Okay you guys!

Come on...give us a break! I'll have you know that we students at the University of California, Berkeley, have better things to do than participate in a riot. That guy in *Deadly Hands* who was inciting that disturbance was totally off-the-wall—he didn't even know what he was talking about. I hope whoever reads *Deadly Hands* #11 doesn't stereotype all Berkeley students like that crazy, mixed up character depicted in your magazine. We've got a heck of a lot more class than that! We spend our time more wisely than standing around listening to some gonn spout off...I mean, between sleeping in class and tripping out on Telegraph Ave., we often indulge ourselves in a little escapism. You know, rather than pick up some text book, we latch on to a Marvel mag—*Deadly Hands of Kung Fu* is always one of the first to be read.

Now, going past your misrepresentation of us students, issue #11 was excellent in its personal and social conflicts witnessed on the Berkeley campus. It is indeed a story to ponder...the wrap-up (it was, wasn't it?) of the Sons of the Tiger came out better than I expected, but I think you smashed too much in just one segment of the story. It would've been best to have extended the story for another issue...but nevertheless, it resulted in a job well done!

Billy Jack...an interesting character, that's all I can say.

A folk-hero? Who can say...

Randy L. Benitez
Berkeley, CA 94704

No disrespect intended, Randy, concerning the students at Berkeley. Actually, Doug Moench tells us that the story did not come off exactly the way he had intended since there had been some misinterpretation in the illustration of the story. Certain events that Doug had intended to include in the story had to be omitted due to lack of space and other events

were retained, but had to be tightened, and considerably cut.

We're glad to hear that DEADLY HANDS is popular on campus, and we'd like to hear from a number of you other readers. Do you look on the DEADLY HANDS magazine as a Martial Arts Adventure series with side light articles, or do you see it in the reverse. Would you rather we interject a more technical aspect to our article sections or would you rather they lean toward the thorough analyses such as the Billy Jack and James Bond articles utilized. Let us know, huh. We'll be waiting for *your* answer.

Sir—

I just completed the cover story of DEADLY HANDS #12, "The Man With The Golden Gun Shoots Blanks" and I must say that I was quite pleased and impressed.

I was pleased that magazines with major circulations will take the time and space to print worthwhile articles on major themes of the past, i.e. James Bond. Items of the past? Absolutely! James Bond hasn't been around in print since the last novel by Ian Fleming appeared in 1964 and hasn't been on the screen since 1969 in "On Her Majesty's Secret Service." *The real* James Bond that is. The creation that has appeared lately must be a lookalike cousin with the same name.

I was impressed with the product I read and saw. The cover is an excellent reproduction of Moore and brings in a lot of action from the movie. The inside cover was a perfect portrait of Bond as he should be...in the pose he is famous for. Morrow and Adams are to be applauded for their successful efforts. Don McGregor did a better than expected job in the writing department (I didn't expect much as I still think of Marvel mags as strictly slick comic books which I cannot get into).

It is a glorious 13 page tribute to a once great spy. The

selected photos are well picked, especially the opening shots which show all three of the screen 007's. It's good to see you remembered George Lazenby who almost everyone cut down (except *Playboy*, they enjoyed his performance.) The other shots are well chosen to illustrate the article.

Although the article itself seems to be no more than a long summary with a few comments thrown in it is well done by a writer who is acquainted with the subject. His remarks that refer to Bond's cinematic past are a welcome addition to the article.

The most outstanding point in the text is the mention of a possible theory as to why the quality has gone down. The obvious reason that "OHMSS" was not a runaway success was the absence of Sean Connery. I never thought that the producers would interpret this as an indication that the Action-Bond was out and it was time to bring in a Comedy Bond. Excellent thought!

Well, in any event I thank you for printing a magnificent tribute to Ian Fleming's "baby" and for the great art interpretations that accompanied it. You have convinced me, "Marvel is Number One!"

Paul Gollin
(No Address Given)

The James Bond issue of DEADLY HANDS gathered more mail than any recent issue we've printed. That seems to indicate, Paul, that James Bond is not yet a thing of the past.

This seems as good a place as any to mention that some of our readers who are into the Martial Arts were distressed by the fact that we lingered on Billy Jack and James Bond, since these films tend to be on the peripheral edges of Kung Fu. We have tried to blend the social implications of the Kung Fu cinema genre with the technical expertise, excluding neither in our articles. We think both the articles expressed legitimate viewpoints, to be argued or discussed here on this letters page.

We await your response, but we thought we should mention that it is the aim of this magazine to appeal to a broader market than one that offers a technical manual or to an exclusive comic audience. If we can widen that audience, it will give DEADLY HANDS a stronger chance at survival at the stands. And talk about competition, just look at the number of titles out there. Talk about championship bouts. But we're still in there swinging, and with your support and response, we'll give this book more than a...fighting chance. (Ouch!)



Archie,

It was nice to once again read another editorial by Archie Goodwin, who undoubtedly writes the best. He is one of the finest writer/editors in comic, and you should be glad to have him aboard. He did wonders for the Warren magazines, and he should do similarly for you, although I feel DEADLY HANDS is a magazine of a lower calibre than his attention deserves.

Don McGregor's article/review was fabulous. He really caught the essence of "The Man With The Golden Gun." His piece was as kinetic and fast-moving as many of the fight scenes in the Bond films. Although I felt he was overly critical in quite a few parts (particularly concerning Roger Moore's performance in the film which was quite good in fact. If he appeared stiff or laughable in places, it is because he didn't have much to work with), the overall effect was good. I enjoyed sharing Don's views on the film, and Bond in general. A combination Maibaum and McGregor would be fabulous I think, and with Peter Hunt directing, Bond would be greater than ever!

Well that's all for now. Congratulations, Archie. You're still my main man!

Tony Daley
Windy City, Ill. 60647

Tony, Archie thanks you, Don thanks you, but no one knows how Maibaum feels about your letter. Archie says that he's never felt that DEADLY HANDS is beneath his help (he feels *anything* can be helped) and that that isn't the reason he is no longer editing this particular book. If you look at the long list of books he *is* editing, you'll see the real reason.

We think your letter expresses exactly the opinion we stated above. We're glad you enjoyed the piece on James Bond and hope you come back for succeeding issues. Bond might not be here, but we will. And aren't we just as loveable?

Be careful how you answer that. You know how insecure we are.

Dear Marvel,

Neal Adams' cover on DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #12 was one with class. He captured James Bond in Picture form just right. Hope he does more covers.

First place in the Readers' Poll goes to that young philosophical and living weapon, Shang-Chi. The storyline looks good, Doug. I missed last issue "cause it sold (fast) out before I could purchase a copy. So I don't know if last issue was the beginning of this present plotline, or just what. "The Golden Dragon" is truly a prize, but something tells me that it is more than it seems. Artwise I have no complaints. Rudy Nebres' style is the cleanest, nicely detailed, and all-around greatest ever! Like Archie Goodwin said, give him a couple of more issues, then he can get the feel of the strip, and we should all be dazzled. I won't forget that job he and Frank McLaughlin did on the Iron Fist story.

Rotating each member, to familiarize the readers more with each of the Tigers, is a good idea. Bill Mantlo's doing the right things with this series. It's as simple as that. George Perez is one of comicdom's fastest growing artists. He proves it every time I behold his work. However, I'd like to see Bob McLeod back on the inks, as reader, Ken Meyer mentioned.

A good issue, Marvel People. Not brilliant, but good enough. Take care, and I'll see you next issue.

Jack Frost
West Monroe, LA 71291
P.S. Got one more thing to say: Don McGregor's article on "The Man With The Golden Gun Shoot Blanks" (some title) was A-OKAY.

You're A-okay, too, Jackie. By the way, a young, philosophical and living weapon bids you his courteous thanks also, although he might have been prompted by the fact that our resident Moench-kin (he of the nimble typing fingers) has threatened to make the Golden Dragon saga even more harrowing and less philosophical if he didn't graciously reply to your enthusiastic response.

At least that's the way Doug told the story to us.

Dear Deadly Hands of Kung-Fuers,

There I was in the candy store. I'd gone to see if I could get DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG-FU #11 and lo and behold, there it was. You guys haven't failed me yet. But on with the comments...

Doug Moench is the only writer for Shang-Chi. His stories are cool. But there is a first time for everything. This issue Shang-Chi was sickening. Mike Vosberg's artwork is getting stale. Why not get Paul Gulacy of Rudy Nebres to draw Shang-Chi? But keep Doug Moench on the strip. He fumbled this time, but he doesn't do it all the time. Doug, it seems as if you're getting the same disease Gerry Conway once had. You're killing off every friend Shang-Chi makes. Cut it out, it's really lousy.

Bill Mantlo is great for the "Tiger Sons." But, how can the artwork on the Tigers go from good to bad and then from bad to worse? Is this the inker's fault? Tony DeZuniga is the best inker you've got. His inks remind me a little of Dick Giordano.

The profanity used in your comics is too much. It's not needed. When kids read your comics and use the bad language in them, you'll ask, "Where'd they get that language from?" Answer: from your own comics. You'll save kids a lot of red backsides if you cut it out. Your comics are great, but if you'd only take care of the aforementioned profanity problem, you'll be even greater.

Until Shang-Chi gets wounded by a ninja, MAKE MINE MARVEL!

Ken Dyier
Brooklyn, NY 11220

We sincerely doubt that most kids pick up their knowledge of profane words from our books, Ken. They certainly hear more variety of pithy expressions and harsh oaths just walking down the sidewalks, or in the school play yard. While we have used an occasional hell and damn and even, though very rarely, the word bastard, we think they have been used during extreme emotional moments that warrant a reaction that isn't merely "Gee whiz!"

And remember, oft-times, profanity can be in the ear of the beholder.

Hey, Doug! Better watch it, the trained armadilloes are really getting down those profound Shang-Chi observations.

Dear Folks,

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed (and totally agreed with) "The Man With The Golden Gun Shoots Blanks!" in DEADLY HANDS #12. You see, I'm the publisher of a not-finished-yet brand new James Bond fanzine, and picked up the magazine since I'm working on a bibliography of "Golden Gun" articles. I expected that you'd only do about three or four pages focusing on the kung fu fight, pointing out Moore's terrible ineptness. Instead, you did a twelve-page essay on the degeneration of Bond films, combining it with a filmbook. McGregor will get a free copy just for this article, because he is telling you that



even people mildly interested in Bond are being tromped on, thanks to the immense popularity of J.W. Pepper. If you can believe it, a theater in Louisiana *highlights* Peppers appearance. (They're the regular ads, but blurbs are stuck in: "Good ol' Sheriff J.W. Pepper of the 'Looziana' State Po-lice helps 007 more than he did in LIVE AND LET DIE. Look out!" It's also rather disconcerting to see a big "kiddie matinee today!" over the Bond ad.)

I am also in the process of ordering stills for publication, and was surprised at the quality. Most of the stills DHKF #12 were taken from different angles than the film itself. Bond-fans can get a copy of a new James Bond magazine from: Banana Bread Publications, 188 Whitman Road, Winter Haven, Fla. 33880 for \$1.00. Mention that it has many stills from *all* the movies, and begins a comic adaptation of DR. NO. I would really be quite happy that you mention me, so just give me a small letter-col plug and I'll be (Deliriously) happy. You might also tell Don McGregor to contact me if he'd like to contribute to the mag. It is obvious he is a Bond fan(latic) also, and I'd love to have him.

Mike France
Winter Haven, Fla. 33880

You gotta be kidding, Mike. The Dauntless One was supposed to have his mammoth analysis of the movie "The Yakuza" right in this very issue. The one you hold in your hands right now. But you don't see it, do you?

Of course you don't. If you do, you're in serious trouble.

But Don thanks you for your offer (he was prompted by Doug Moench, also. Doug has really gotten into proper protocol since he started doing Shang-Chi, but sometimes we think he takes it just a bit too seriously.) and wishes you good luck with your project.

Next issue, right on these very two pages, we'd like to return to our Readers' Poll and your responses. But we can't print them, if you don't write those little missives and send them to:

DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU
Marvel Magazine Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

And let us know what you *liked* or disliked. Let your voice be heard, carried on the wind, tabulated on our vast computer chart.

Remember, these pages are yours, and they often *do* determine the directions we will take in future issues. Check it out, People. We'll be waiting to hear from you.



Ever hear a phrase that goes "Hang in there!"?
Hang around long enough and you're bound to.

The above introduction seemed to be the easiest way to segue into the fact that Marvel has wound up its merry-go-round editorial ride, spinning about in kaliedoscopic fashion, demon horses rising up and down in painted blurs, and left me riding the horse stamped with the deadly title: Editor.

Me is Don McGregor and we said such an eloquent parting, lo, a mere five issues back, that it is impossible to renumerate the number of changes that have occurred since that momentous moment.

Anyhow, Archie (of Artful fame and other infamous adjectives) Goodwin informed me at the time of my last Kung Fu editorial that nobody reads these damned things anyway. From the way this one is turning out, boy, do I hope he's right.

Since my departure, you might notice that the book has increased in size. Doug Moench continues his Golden Dragon opus, with Rudy Nebres continuing the interpretive visuals. Cross and double-cross, deceit and deception, mark the structure of the labyrinthian plot. And John David Warner, who was an immeasurable aid in helping me get this book out, has teamed with Sanho Kim for an added comic feature besides our intrepid Tiger Sons team. **THE CORPSE RIDER** offers John, our resident Japanese historian and technical expert

EDITORS IN PAINTED DEATH!

(John claims that Marvel is the only place where he'd be considered much, but he knows a helluva lot more than the rest of us) with a tale of Samurais against a horror setting. Sanho Kim is the perfect artist for such a tale, as anyone who has found his "Dragon's Edge!" book is well aware. If John has the literal transcriptions well researched, Sanho Kim is his match with accurate depictions of sword-play and costuming. Sanho is one of the foremost artists living in the States with a thorough knowledge of the Orient and much of its richly lush visual tapestries.

We haven't deserted our articles section, either. We have an interview with Jhoon Rhee. This is a departure from our recent article offerings which

have centered around movie offerings in the Martial Arts. We'll be interested in hearing your reactions to this feature and if you check out our letters page you'll note where you can send those reactions.

Since this has been a fairly straight editorial without humorous asides of personal quirks and variances, I think this is the proper moment to announce the most astounding Martial Arts combat of this or any other century! That last line was to prove that Barnum had nothing on Marvel when it came to the art of hyperbole.

And here it is.

The announcement you have been waiting for since the last paragraph!

The challenge that challenges the greatest challenge as Marie Severin and Don McGregor have announced that they will meet in gladiatorial-combat (mayhaps even at Madison Square Garden) where these titans will face off against each other. And this is your chance. That's right! Your chance.

Your chance to do what, you ask.

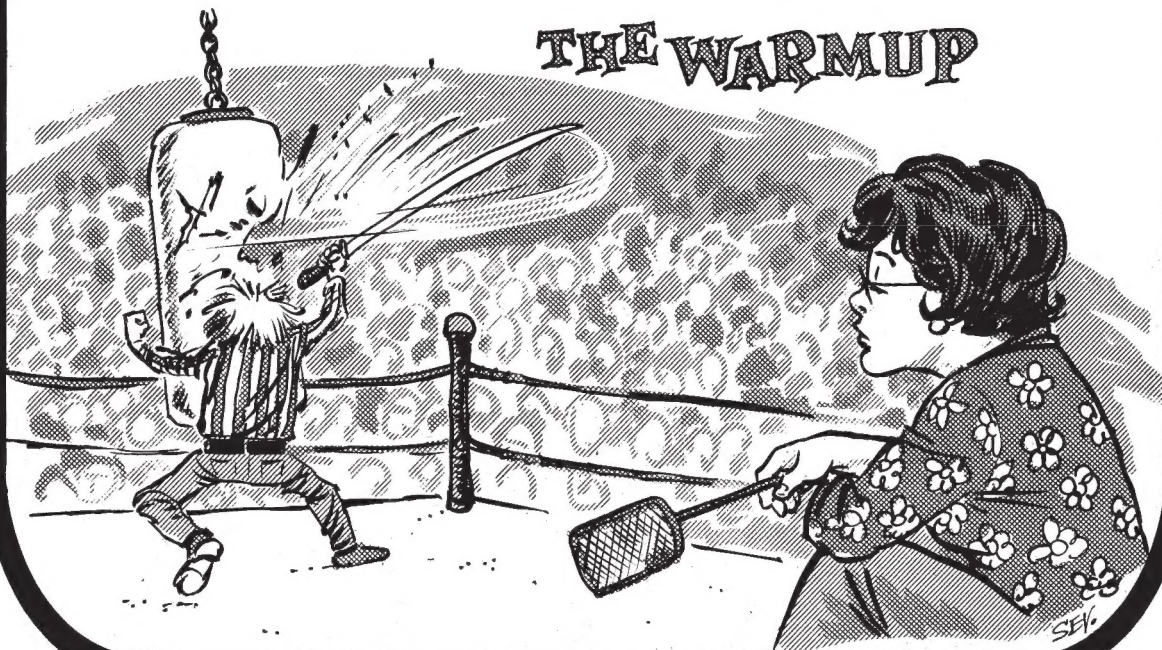
Your chance to forecast the outcome of such a momentous mayhem. And you can pick your favorite, to win, even as you pick your favorite feature for this magazine. You'll hear more about this amazing contest. We know you won't be able to wait.

Until then, hang in there!

See, we told you you'd see that line if you hung around long enough.

Don McGregor/Editor

THE WARMUP



SHANG-CHU: MASTER OF KUNG FU!

"THE GOLDEN DRAGON: A GIFT TO THE GREAT KHAN FROM THE EUROPEAN EXPLORER MARCO POLO. THE PRICELESS STATUE HAS LONG BEEN AN OBJECT OF GREAT BEAUTY... AS WELL AS AN ICON OF GREED. SILENTLY, IT HAS BIRTHED A NIGHT OF MYSTERY AND DEATH."

"SHAREEN: THE WOMAN WHO HAS TOLD ME SHE IS AN AGENT OF THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT, SENT HERE TO RECOVER THE GOLDEN DRAGON, AND TO RETURN IT TO THE PEKING MUSEUM FROM WHICH IT WAS STOLEN. I HAVE AGREED TO AID HER..."

"CHO LEE: A MAGICIAN WHO PERFORMED AT THE TEMPLE OF JADE THEATER IN MANHATTAN'S CHINATOWN, WHO LUSTED AFTER THE GOLDEN DRAGON, WHO MASQUERADED AS THE IMMORTAL NINJA CALLED SHADOW-THIEF TO OBTAIN IT... AND WHO DIED WITH HIS LUST UNFULFILLED."

"SHADOW-THIEF: THE NINJA, PERHAPS IMMORTAL, PERHAPS A TRUE MAGICIAN, PERHAPS THE MURDERER OF CHO LEE. HE, TOO, HAS SOUGHT THE GOLDEN DRAGON, AND IS NOW IN POSSESSION OF IT. ALL ELSE IS MYSTERY."

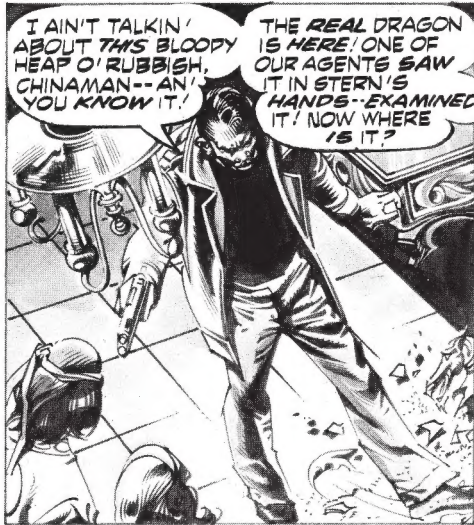
"KWAI: ASSISTANT TO THE SLAIN MAGICIAN CHO LEE... AND A MAN WHOSE MOTIVES ENDURE BEYOND THE SILENCED ORDERS OF HIS MASTER."

"LIONEL STERN: A COLLECTOR OF BEAUTY AND GREED WHO HAS EMPLOYED SHADOW-THIEF TO PROCURE THE STATUE FOR HIM... AND WHO HAS BEEN DECEIVED BY HIS SERVANT."

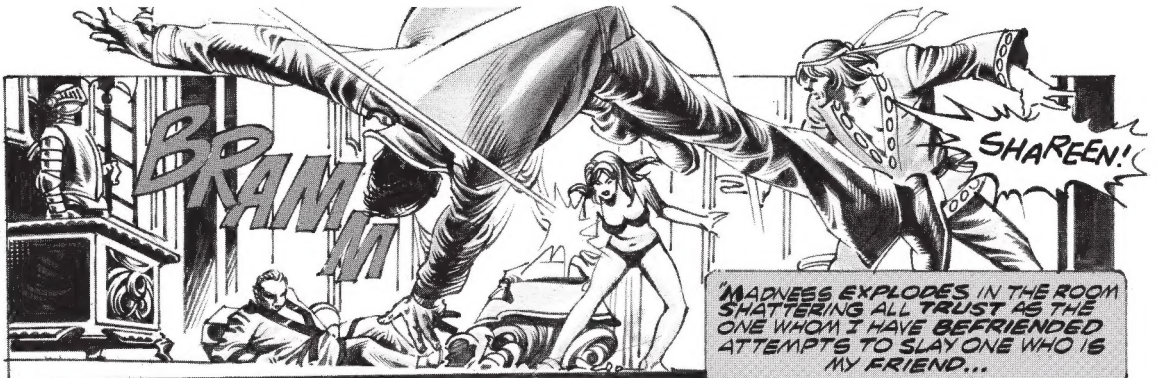
"BLACK JACK TARR: ONE OF SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH'S MOST TRUSTED AGENTS, AND ONCE MY FRIEND... BUT NOW A MAN WHO FACES ME WITHIN STERN'S CONNECTICUT HOME WITH A THREAT OF DEATH."

DEMONS IN PAINTED DEATH

Story: DOUG MOENCH Art: RUDY NEBRES







MADNESS EXPLODES IN THE ROOM SHATTERING ALL TRUST AS THE ONE WHOM I HAVE BEFRIENDED ATTEMPTS TO SLAY ONE WHO IS MY FRIEND...



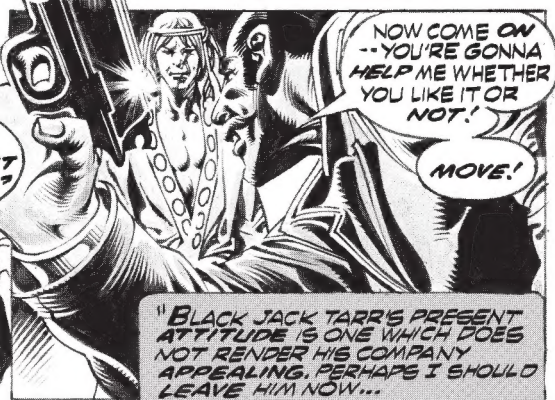
"OR HAS HE, TOO, BEEN STRICKEN WITH THE FEVER OF LUST FED BY THE GOLDEN GLARE OF A SILENT DRAGON."

WE AIN'T GOT TIME FOR ANYTHING--EXCEPT TO HAUL OUR TAILS TO THAT CURIO SHOP...



...SO WE CAN SNATCH THAT DRAGON FOR SIR DENIS!

BUT WHY DOES SMITH WANT THE STATUE?



"STILL, SHAREEN HEARD ADDRESS OF THE CURIO SHOP...AND DOUBTLESS, SHE WILL GO TO IT. THUS TO MEET HER, I WILL REQUIRE TRANSPORTATION..."

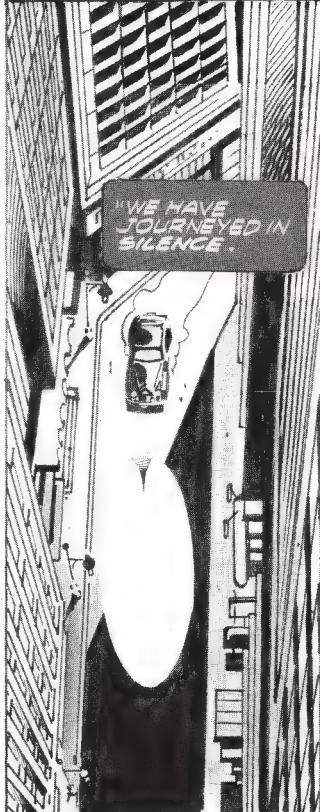
I SAID MOVE!







"MANHATTAN: WE ARRIVE JUST BEFORE DAWN AND TARR GUIDES HIS VEHICLE THROUGH THE SLUMBERING CITY... TOWARD ITS THIRTY-SECOND STREET..."



"WE HAVE JOURNEYED IN SILENCE."



"UNTIL NOW..."

"UP AHEAD, CHINAMAN..."

"YOU CAN BRAND ME A TRAITOR--"

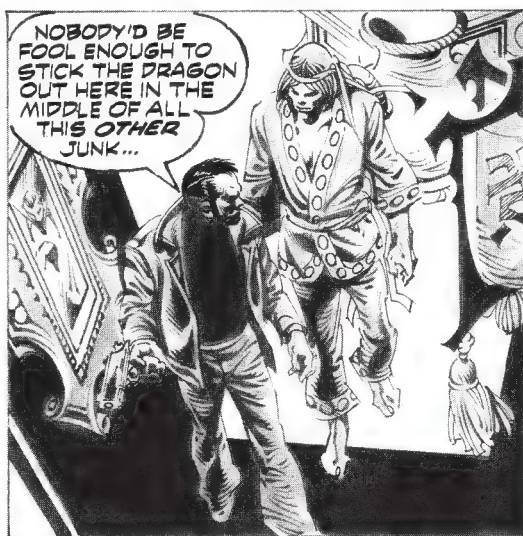


"--IF THIS AIN'T THE PLACE?"



"DON'T SEE ANYBODY INSIDE..."

"NOR IS SHAREEN'S CAR VISIBLE. HAS SHE ALREADY COME AND GONE? OR DOES SHE KNOW MORE ABOUT SHADOW-THIEF AND THEREFORE THE DRAGON'S NEW DEN--THAN SHE HAS ADMITTED...?"





"THE ROOM IS A CHAMBER OF THE DEAD BUT THE INCENSE BURNS WITHOUT REASON..."

"...FOR THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH THE PRESENCE OF LIFE

WELL I'LL BE DAMNED...!

A CHINESE FUNERAL PARLOR--!



WELCOME, SHANG-CHI... TO THE HEART OF THE DRAGON!



"HE WAS SLAIN BY SHADOW-THIEF... HUNG BY THE NECK..."



INDEED I WAS, SHANG-CHI...

"THE VOICE--IT CANNOT BE...!"

"MY... THOUGHTS--?"



"THEY EMERGE FROM THE DARKNESS OF DEATH AS ONE, EACH WEARING A PAINTED MASK OF THE DEMON'S SAID TO INFEST EVERY MAN'S SOUL..."



THEY SURROUND US NOW, PREPARING TO FORCE THEIR DEATH UPON OUR SOULS...



TARR, STAND AT MY BACK! WE MUST FACE THEM TOGETHER!

I DO NOT THINK SO, SHANG-CHI...

INDEED, I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIGHT THIS BATTLE...



...WITHOUT...



...ASSISTANCE

BOMPH



GIVE 'EM HELL, CHINAMAN...



...CUZ I GET TO FIGHT THE WINNER...

...AND I'M HOPIN' IT'S YOU!

THE MYSTERY OF TARR'S EARLIER CONDUCT IS EXPLAINED BY A FAR MORE SINISTER MYSTERY...



"...BUT A MYSTERY UPON WHICH
THERE IS NO TIME TO DWELL..."

"BEHIND THE MASK...
THE DEMON IS KWAI...
CHO LEE'S
ASSISTANT..."

"AGAIN--AND
AGAIN..."

"THEY ARE ALL...
KWAI--!"

"BUT I MUST NOT BECOME DISTRACTED.
WHETHER ALL ARE KWAI OR ALL ARE DEAD,
THERE IS ONLY ONE TRUTH--"



**"--ALL MUST
BE STOPPED."**



"...LEAVING ONLY THE TRUE
DEMON WHO HAS POSED AS
BLACK JACK TARR.

KWAI HAS
FAILED!

TAKE
HIM!

"BUT FOR A
DEMON--

TWOK PRAKSH

"--HE IS EXTREMELY
VULNERABLE.

"INSIDE THE SKULL,
AS THOUGH HATCHING
FROM AN EGG--

"--THE GOLDEN DRAGON--

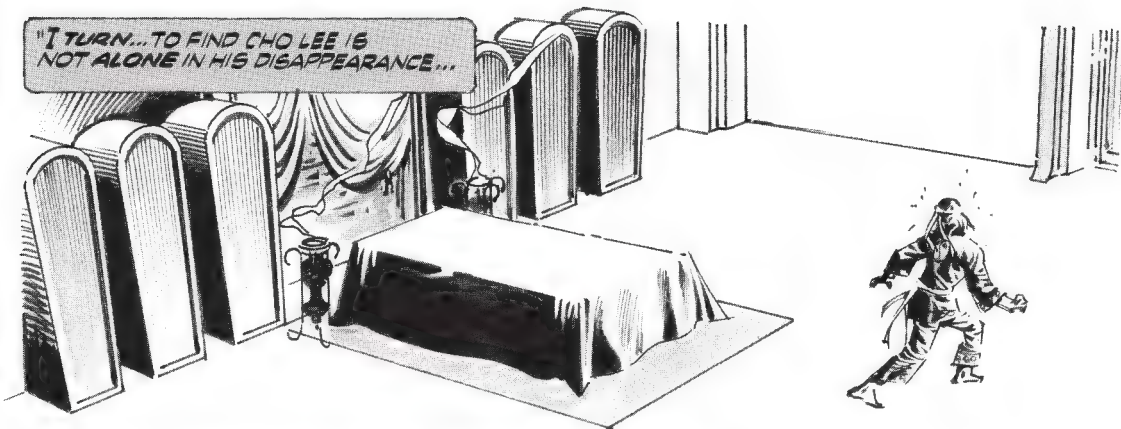
"--IS MINE,
SHANG-CHI!

YOU HAVE WON
THIS BATTLE,
AND THEREFORE
YOUR LIFE,
SHANG-CHI...AT
LEAST FOR THE
MOMENT...

BUT WHILE I HAVE
FAILED IN THIS ONE
MATTER, YOU MUST
NEVER FORGET...

"...THAT I HAVE
WON THE GOLDEN
DRAGON! FAREWELL,
SHANG-CHI...UNTIL
YOU DIE!

"I TURN... TO FIND CHO LEE IS NOT ALONE IN HIS DISAPPEARANCE..."



"...AND THAT THE INCENSE NOW BURNS WITH GOOD REASON."



OUTSIDE, THE NIGHT HAS FINALLY BEEN SWALLOWED BY DAWN.



MY EYES FILL WITH ITS LIGHT, AND WITH...

TARR-?!

WHAT THE...?!

CHI--! WHAT THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU DOING DOING HERE, CHINAMAN--?!



I AM... ATTEMPTING TO FIND A STATUE... THE GOLDEN DRAGON...

YOU TOO...? NOW WHY DIDN'T SIR DENIS TELL ME HE'S ASSIGNED YOU TO THIS CASE...? WE COULD'VE TEAMED UP...



THEN SMITH DOES WANT THE STATUE...?

OF COURSE HE WANTS IT. YOU DON'T THINK I CAME ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE AT FIVE A.M. TO BUY AN INCENSE BURNER, DO YOU? BUT I TAKE IT THE DRAGON AIN'T IN THE SHOP EH?



NOT ANY LONGER... THAT I COULD SEE! BUT WHY DOES SMITH WANT GOLD... THE RUBY...?

THERE AIN'T NO RUBY IN THE DRAGON! ALL THAT MARCO POLO MALARKEY IS JUST A COVER-STORY-- A RUSE TO THROW THE ENEMY OFF THE TRACK!

OH, THE STATUE'S GOLD, ALL RIGHT, BUT THE GOLD'S JUST A DROP IN THE BUCKET COMPARED TO THE WORTH OF THE SECRET DOCUMENTS THAT ARE STUFFED INSIDE IT! AND WE'VE GOTTA GET THOSE DOCUMENTS --BEFORE THE AGENT FROM RED CHINA DOES!



"SHAREEN...?"



THIS IS JENNY QUINN, CHINAMAN! SHE'S USIN' THE NAME MELISSA FOR THIS MISSION--BEEN PLAYIN' GIRLFRIEND TO AN ART COLLECTOR NAMED LIONEL STERN!

I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN THE GUY, BUT AFTER HEARING WHAT "MELISSA" HAD TO TAKE FROM HIM, I'D LIKE TO WRING THE SLIMY SWINE'S NECK...



PLEASD TO MEET YOU, SHANG--

TARR, THERE IS FAR MORE INVOLVED IN THIS MATTER THAN WE MAY UNDERSTAND! MYSTICISM...MAGIC... ACTUAL MAGIC...

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I SAW...AND FOUGHT...

AW, COME OFF IT, CHINAMAN. I KNOW YOU'RE A LITTLE WEIRD, BUT DON'T TELL ME YOU FELL FOR ALL THAT CRAZY IMMORTAL SHADOW-THIEF MUMBO-JUMBO!

OH MY GOD... LOOK BEHIND YOU AND TELL ME I'M MAD...



"...FOR THE GOLDEN DRAGON HAS GROWN TIRED OF BEING HUNTED..."

"...AND GEEKS REVENGE...IN DEMENTIA!"



PLEASE-- JUST TELL ME I'VE GONE MAD, AND I'M NOT SEEING IT...!

"IF SHE IS MAD, THEN DAWN WILL SEE US ALL ONE OF HER MADNESS..."

NEXT ISSUE
PART 5

THE KEY TO THE DRAGON'S HEART!



Jhoon Rhee: Karate's Practical Visionary



by Jim Whitmore

PART ONE:

I live in Washington D.C., a fact which has considerable bearing on the shape of this interview.

First, of course, it made contacting Jhoon Rhee an easier matter, since his headquarters are in the District. That was the work of a single phone call. The greater effect, though came as a result of his *fame*. In Washington the words martial arts" and the name "Rhee" are very nearly synonymous. Rhee's schools are the most numerous, the most widely spread. They have the most pupils, among whom are some of the nation's influential politicians, businessmen, and creative artists. Rhee's name is broadcast to the world every day through several branches of the advertising media, from newspapers to TV spot commercials to wall posters. His books on *kata* forms are easily found here, and naturally, when he finally made a film, its American premiere was held . . . where else? You guessed it.

When a name is as widely spread as that you almost stop noticing it (or just start accepting it in passing, like noting that the sky is blue) and a curious translation takes place in the head. The person behind the name gets lost. I, at least, start to think of the well-known people as a breed somehow apart from mere humankind. They have qualities, magical ones, that I admire and envy a little and try to emulate . . . but they aren't really *human*,

you understand. They don't breathe the same air or eat the same food as the rest of us. They aren't bothered by our petty day-to-day concerns. These people, the movers, the shapers of the world, have become larger than life.

That's one of the essential steps in Hero Worship (or Villain Hatred.) Given a little time and a lot of importance, that's how myths are born.

So the translation effect is a little awesome; particularly when you can notice it happening, and know that mass exposure is its basis.

Except for certain cases . . .

There are people in the world who, by dint of talent or acquired skill—but mostly the necessary drive—work in ways that actually widen the horizons of the world. Sometimes this will bring them fame and exposure, eventually leading to the state where people in the crowd (like me) start to consider them something just beneath a demi-god.

That's the problem. We've got an incredible system of information dispersal built up, and it can grow those demi-gods overnight and topple them to the dust again before afternoon tea. Is any given Famous Person famous because of luck, talent, or some hidden manipulation? True deeds or wheeling-dealing influences? It's getting harder and harder to tell. So when I got a chance to meet and talk with Jhoon Rhee in person I was naturally



excited. Calls were made and times scheduled. I borrowed a cassette recorder and bought a new notepad. I even put on a suit.

The best answer to any question always comes from the source.

PART TWO:

The central dojo of Jhoon Rhee's Tae Kwon Do organization is in a moderately expensive business area of downtown DC, only a short walk from Dupont Circle. Once past all the predictable shops and offices, entry is gained through a street-level door that opens on a flight of stairs, leading downward.

With the exception of one large wall painting (showing Rhee in a flying kick that is an inch away from connecting with his opponent's head) the stairwell is undecorated, a trend which is continued in the hall the stairs lead you to. The only color to speak of is provided by the bright, yellow-gold rug. Here and there along the corridor are plain doors marked by simple wooden placards.

I confess. When I'd gotten that far I became confused.

The general effect in the hallway was a pleasant, slightly ascetic sensibility, which nothing can be said against. But it was so different from any of my preconceived notions that all I could do was stand there for a time, feeling them slough off like a snake's old skin.

So I was expecting nothing when I pushed open the door to the dojo proper—and was surprised all over again. (For the record, I'd thought that the studio would be either incredibly ornate from top to bottom, or else just a well-kept and functional gym. The hallway's appearance had thrown me off the track; but now the entry room managed a perfect balance between the imagined extremes.) The room was of moderate size and very richly appointed, but in such a manner that it was quiet, even subdued. Nothing jarred. To the left, past one office, was a glass window looking in on the workout room, where a class was busy practicing reverse kicks under an instructor's watchful eye. At the far end of the entry was a stand board of tournament winnings and a nearly life-sized drawing of Rhee, taken from a publicity still. In the corner there was a glass case of items for sale; nunchakus, workout uniforms, *kata* books, SAF-T brand protective equipment, and a variety of colored belts for identifying rank. To my immediate right was a secretary's booth, and beyond that, another office.

Jhoon Rhee's office.

It was decorated just like the outer room, but it was hard to tell, since it was almost buried in things that had some meaning or usefulness to Rhee. As well as stacks of papers and many shelves of books connected with business, there were trophies of every shape and size, everywhere, enough to make you dizzy if you tried to count. The walls were covered with award plaques and photographs of Rhee with famous people: presidents, senators, congressmen, newspaper columnists, other martial artists, actors and actresses. . .

In one corner was a large color portrait photo of Bruce Lee, inscribed by Lee to his longtime friend.

But one time dominated everything from its position on the wall behind the desk. It was a huge, framed calligraphic design consisting of two characters in the Korean language, drawn with inkbrush by the president of Korea. The design summed up, in a way, the entire career of Jhoon Rhee.

It said "DECISIVELY."

You'd better believe it.

I hardly recognized, though, the short and soft-spoken man who rose to greet me. (Demi-gods are *tall*, right? Or just call them celebrities and shoot down another Western cultural myth.) He'd grown his hair to a more stylish length than in the photos I'd seen, softening the angles of his face, making him appear six or seven years younger than his 43. But his handshake was strong and definite; and though the suit he wore was trimly tailored and businesslike, I knew that underneath there was a body conditioned to a startling degree. From that point on in the interview he was always moving. Even as he sat he would spin, slightly, in his deskchair. His eyes and hands would dance. His head would tilt one way, then another. But never meaninglessly. Instead, each movement underscored his speech in precisely the right fashion.

And his voice—

It, like his movements, seemed very deliberate, very confident. The only voice I'd heard like it belonged to Gunther Gebel-Williams, a German-born animal trainer with the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus; perhaps the finest animal trainer in the world. There was the same total assurance and, oddly, many of the same speech patterns. An unexpected coincidence.

Right away in the interview things went wrong. First the cassette taper refused to start—and later, when it did start, it pretended to be friendly for five minutes or so and then chewed up the tape beyond hope of rewinding. (Eventually we ended up completing the talk on *his* office machine.) The phone rang constantly; the daily pressures of managing the business, and properly nursing growing projects. If found myself incredibly impressed by Rhee's patience with events, and with his quick and (seemingly) easy juggling of situations.

More than once, sitting back during a phonecall-induced hiatus, I wondered just how a young boy in Seoul, Korea, self-admittedly the smallest around, had wound up at the top of a booming martial art.

So I asked.

Keep that word "DECISIVELY" in mind as you read a capsulization of his answer, and the interview that followed. Jhoon Rhee is an interesting man.

1946. A pivotal year. The world war was over and the nuclear age had begun. The cold war was a gleam in the eyes of politicians and intelligence chiefs. And in Seoul, Korea, a junior high school student named Jhoon Rhee began the study of a martial art known as Tae Kwon Do.*

His reasons, at the time, were simple ones. He was very small, and he wanted to build himself up. He also thought that the study would give him more confidence, and a better ground for the expressing of his opinions.

His goals were fairly simple, too. He intended to learn as much English as possible, knowing that even if he didn't ever get to the United States it would come in handy in Post-war Korea. And if, somehow, he *did* make it to America . . . he thought it would be a good thing to have "a few Tae Kwon Do schools."

He succeeded, that we know. In spades. But a lot

*For a brief historical note on the art, see the end of this article.

happened in the intervening years.

1956 brought his first chance to cross the ocean. He was 23, a lieutenant in the Korean Army, which sent him to San Marcos, Texas, for U.S. Army aviation training. He was there for six months, during which time he met the two men who would end up sponsoring his return to San Marcos the following year, when his military hitch ended; the Reverend Frosty Rich, and businessman Robert L. Bunting.

His return to San Marcos was really the beginning of a whole new life as a student at the Southwest Texas State Teachers College. The Reverend Rich had thought Rhee's marital knowledge might be of some use to the students there, but the Physical Education department declared thumbs down on what they called a "brutal sport." Barred from using school facilities, Rhee began classes off campus and soon had forty students. Two years later he moved to Austin (where the University of Texas is located) to continue studies for a Civil Engineering degree. But he continued to teach Tae Kwon Do, gaining even more students—and school permission to teach—there.

(An offshoot group grew, as well, in San Antonio, and Rhee would take busses from San Marcos to Austin to San Antonio, teaching in all three towns, as well as maintaining his own studies!)

Then came 1962. Jhoon Rhee traveled to Washington D.C. for a summer job that had been promised him—a job that promptly evaporated upon his arrival. The circumstances were peculiar; faced with the double problem of surviving and managing to make enough money to return to school in the fall, he decided to take a chance and open a dojo (of sorts, for the summer) all his own. He borrowed \$400 and advertised heavily in the Washington POST and other places, finally holding a one-man, two-hour demonstration for all those who responded.

At the end of that day he had thirty students signed up. And at summer's end? Over a hundred. "So I could not just drop and go back to Texas. I settled down here ever since."

But although he had chosen to use Washington D.C. as a base of operations, Rhee has never "settled down" in any conventional sense. In the thirteen years since his first gamble he has been tireless in the promotion of karate as a sport, and even as an art form of its own.

Many achievements stand out: his organizing of national karate tournaments in the sixties; his development of the various SAF-T protective devices; and his current plans for the development of a world black belt league that would cut across boundaries of style and form.

But the most important aspect of Rhee's work and methods is the one that he has been blasted for the most. His "commercialism." By which it is meant his grasp on what it takes to make karate economically viable, and interesting, to the public. He is a dreamer and an optimist about the future, and yet his hands have a firm grip on the stuff of reality.

It shows in many simple ways. The cleanliness and precise keeping of the various dojos, the innovations aimed at making attaining discipline a joy instead of a terrifying (and sometimes paralyzing) effort, and his phenomenal knack for seizing chances for publicity without compromising the ethics of the sport. (For example, when a congressman named James Cleveland,

of New Hampshire, was slightly wounded by a burglar intruding on his Capitol Hill office, Rhee got in touch with him immediately... and found himself with a classful of VIPs in no time.)

Ultimately, though this turns off many purists in the field, it is Rhee's "commercialism" that must share equal honors, with his skill, in explaining his system's great success.

PART THREE:

DEADLY HANDS: How large is your teaching organization now, Mr. Rhee?

JHOON RHEE: Right now... Jhoon Rhee system... those who have passed through and those who are taking lessons right now, must be at least over 100,000, maybe 200,000. It is very hard, really to pinpoint. In Washington alone I have seven schools and there are 2000 active students, with 25,000 people having passed through. And right now I am teaching five Senators, five or six congressmen. And I also have schools in Minnesota, in Texas, North Carolina, Dominican Republic, Haiti, British Guiana. It's really spreading all over the world.

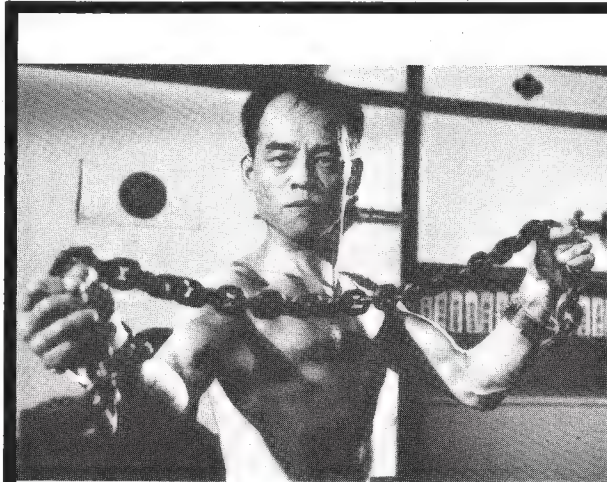
DEADLY HANDS: And how many people do you think you have personally trained?

JHOON RHEE: That's very hard to pinpoint. But I would say at least 25,000.

DEADLY HANDS: Who trained you? And what was it that made you choose Tae Kwon Do over any other martial art when you were beginning?

JHOON RHEE: I was trained by Master Wan Guk Li. Well, actually I wasn't trained under him, he was founder of the school in Seoul, Korea. I trained under several instructors, largely Mr. Un Kwu Um. He is now Secretary General to the World Tae Kwon Do Association. As for choosing... I think that at the time I was so young, really, that I didn't have the intelligence to look into what was better. I just took what was nearest my home; and it happened to be the best around. I was very fortunate.

DEADLY HANDS: Many of your own teaching methods are rather unorthodox by the older standards, and you've been criticized for it by some. Do you think you're "commercial" in the way they mean it?



JHOON RHEE: Yess, I've been criticized by some Tae Kwon Do and Karate instructors who say "Jhoon Rhee is too commercial." But let's face it. "Let's make money to do Tae Kwon Do" and "Let's do Tae Kwon Do to make money" are two different concepts. I am not really money-crazy guy and I always try to motivate my people. Those who are really after money, money always run away from them. But if somebody is really devoted to some cause then money comes automatically. Here's an example. You know the SAF-T-PUNCH and SAF-T-KICK I invented? I'd already done one year's research and worked very hard when I find out Mike Stone—you know Mike Stone? He's a world champion, in the past—was making something. I told him if he was doing it I didn't have to. I just want to know that somebody is. I wanted to have something available for my champions so they don't get hurt! And later, when I found out he couldn't come up with something because it cost too much money I asked him if he would mind me continuing my project. He said no, so that's how I picked it up



again and did it.

DEADLY HANDS: You're very proud of the SAF-T equipment, aren't you?

JHOON RHEE: I am very much so, yes. It is all advantages and only one disadvantage—it costs money to buy. Other than that, everything is gaining. When you are free fighting with it the fear is not there anymore, so you may throw five or six blocks instead of only one in same given time without safety equipment. There are seven different items to protect different body parts, and they are made of close-cell foam rubber.

DEADLY HANDS: And you feel they are useful in preventing injuries and preparing students for real-world fighting situations?

JHOON RHEE: Oh yes, definitely. Now I did not design these really to have full contact. The point is that in a controlled game, IF somebody slips, you still have safety. And someone advanced like a black belt can go a little bit harder without getting hurt. The, for the self-defense student, these help because they won't pull a punch in a real-world situation just because they always had to in training.

DEADLY HANDS: Your equipment connects, in a way, to your concept for a world league, so I would like to ask you right now about your start in tournament organizing in the sixties... and why you eventually stopped?

JHOON RHEE: Well, I started it in 1964 and ran it every year until 1970, and then I found out that a lot of competitors were unhappy, because all the instructors flew to DC just before the tournament and they were not really sure what the rules were. Good guys were losing in tournament because they were not enforcing proper rules. And I didn't have control over judges because they

were just guys that flew in from out of town. So I said—maybe I'd better not do this tournament, just do a closed tournament so I can train all my personnel to judge the rules so that nobody lose in matches unless they really lose the match.

DEADLY HANDS: *How often do these special tournament occur? And how many people participate?*

JHOON RHEE: Oh, about six hundred, Jhoon Rhee students only, two or three times a year.

DEADLY HANDS: *One of the other things you've done recently is star in a movie, called WHEN TAE KWON DO STRIKES. How did that happen to come about?*

JHOON RHEE: Bruce Lee had been a friend of mine for about ten years, a close friend. We'd been exchanging a visit from Washington D.C. to Los Angeles, back and forth, and when he became very successful with his first movie he called me and asked me if I'd like to do a movie. I said "with you?" and he said "No, you've got to do your own so you can be star of that movie." I said gee, that sounds good. And so that is how I started. He introduced me to the director, who asked me what kind of story I would like to do. So I wrote down one page story and they wrote a script based on that structure. I did a great deal of business in Hong Kong—it grossed 1.2 million, which is quarter million American dollars, in one city. And it played about twelve weeks in Seoul at one theatre before moving on to different, small theatres. In New York sixty theatres played it for two, three weeks, and in Los Angeles about thirty theatres, so...

DEADLY HANDS: *Well, from success like that and the pride in your voice I'd guess you feel that WHEN TAE KWON DO STRIKES is more than an average martial arts film.*

JHOON RHEE: I like to say it is a better than average martial arts movie. I had a lot of good kickers, not just me. There was the girl I took, one of my students, Anne Winton. And also those that played the Japanese roles were good kickers.

DEADLY HANDS: *Could you tell us a bit more about the film? What the story dealt with, who produced it, directed it? And, of course, if you have any future film plans of your own?*

JHOON RHEE: It is a story of the Japanese occupation of Korea, set in the 30's. From 1910 to 1945, for thirty-six years, you know, they governed Korea. During that time we had a lot of independence movements. I was acting as the leader of such a movement training my people in Tae Kwon Do and fighting against the Japanese. The story is fiction, not a real story. It was produced by Golden Harvest Films and directed by Mr. Wong Fong. For myself, I am not really looking right now for movie work. I have so many things to do here right now. But if a good offer is made to me I think I would like to do it again. Sterling Silliphant who is, really, the greatest writer in the US, happens to be a good friend of mine. He's looking around and whatever chance is given he's going to see what he can do about it.

DEADLY HANDS: *There are a number of smaller topics I'd like to hit. In reading about you I encountered a quote that dated back five years, in which you predicted—accurately—the martial arts boom that is upon us. Do you see this as essentially a good thing?*

JHOON RHEE: Naturally, that is what I have hoped all this time and the dream is coming to reality. I think it's going to be even bigger. It all depends on how the leading personality is going to do the job. If you really present it

in a bad way it will die, but if you present it in a way that is exciting to the public it will grow. Triple. Maybe even quadruple.

DEADLY HANDS: *Do you think that any danger might be involved at all?*

JHOON RHEE: I don't see how. There are a lot of dangerous weapons around in our lives—guns, knives—and I don't think karate can be that dangerous because we are teaching discipline along with technique. We are not giving the gun to three year-old boy. As we teach students, because of the discipline of the class, they really become more humble and much nicer citizens.

DEADLY HANDS: *Tell us something about Tae Kwon Do as you teach it: how it differs from other styles, and what your particular favorite methods are.*

JHOON RHEE: Tae Kwon Do isn't that much different except that we emphasize kicking more than other styles. As for methods, we have all different techniques of teaching at all belt levels. I started a new program in January which I planned from last year, and it is very practical. We do not have any patterns or forms, although I wrote books about them. I thought it was good exercise but as far as a practical point of concern... if anybody wanted to learn just how to fight, then it is some waste of time. So I reformulated our training program, and everybody is enthused about their lessons. The outcome is really great now. We have a white belt, go up through green, blue, brown, to black. And each belt-level has some more difficult techniques. When they become brown belt we teach form with music. Kind of a "Martial Ballet." To classical music like the Beethoven Fifth, and so on. We tried it, and I know that the intensity of the music matches with the power of the punches and the kicks. When five black belts do it to the music it really looks like some high class art form. I think it is one dimension higher than regular ballet. Ballet is a smooth movement, and this other has dynamic, really powerful movement in it.

DEADLY HANDS: *Tell us, Mr. Rhee, have you ever had an opportunity to use your skills to defend yourself?*

JHOON RHEE: Of course. A few incidents but there's nothing serious because it didn't take, really, too much time to finish the fight. I never had anything happen in the U.S. but in Seoul three guys attack. When that happen, thing to do is not to attack center one. Take both sides, they psychologically, center guy is plenty scared.

DEADLY HANDS: *How about your own training and conditioning?*

JHOON RHEE: I try and work on myself twenty or thirty minutes each day. Usually around midnight. After dinner, at ten o'clock, I just rest and read or watch TV a little bit, and then around 11:30 I warm up and stretch. And of course I work out in teaching. I teach most senators, and congressmen myself and I give Jack Anderson and George Allen private lessons, also Jack Valenti. Mostly it is the VIPS I teach myself. When at home I mostly do the basic kicks and punches, and a form that I choreographed to music. It's a lot of fun to do the form with the music. It's good conditioning way because when you have music it gives you incentive to finish it up and if you're tired you keep going anyway until music is over.

DEADLY HANDS: *And now we come to the big topic—the future, and in particular your proposed Black Belt League.*

JHOON RHEE: Take a football game or basketball... if you don't know the rules you don't enjoy them. But in a karate fight you don't have to know the rules. There is built-in excitement. What I'm trying to say is that I believe that karate can be bigger, even, than football. It depends on how we promote, how we use the crowd psychology, make the rules so people get excited. Then we can glue more people to the television set than American football. This is my goal.

DEADLY HANDS: *Well, just how did the idea for the League come about?*

JHOON RHEE: How I got the idea was that in 1970 I was invited to a Redskins game and there I saw people yelling and screaming. I didn't know the rules very well so gee, I enjoyed the screaming part more than the game! I analyzed: why people scream? This is home team. They are cheering for their home team. In that concept is the success of the League, you see. Right away that night I call my friend Mike Anderson, who used to have a school in Oklahoma City, and I say that on December sixth we're going to have team thing, so he should bring five guys and we have team championship.

DEADLY HANDS: *How did it go?*

JHOON RHEE: That night! I never could believe people could get excited so much. People cheering for their home team! And I said THAT'S the formula, and ever since then I've been working for that. The safety equipment is a byproduct of that goal.

DEADLY HANDS: *Just where does the development of the League stand now?*

JHOON RHEE: I just hope to pack the Capitol Center on May 16th. We're going to have Mexico City versus Washington D.C., and there will be a special exhibition by Redskin coach George Allen on breaking boards. Also a special event with a republican senator versus a democratic senator. I think it's going to be very interesting.

DEADLY HANDS: *How will the League be organized, and when do you think we might actually have it. Next year, the year after?*

JHOON RHEE: People will buy franchises for each city, and then they will pay the players to do nothing but fighting. Just like the NFL, or basketball league. As to when, I can only say that it is slowly growing. May 16th will be a very important night to encourage a lot of people to participate in this.

DEADLY HANDS: *Who else is working with you on this project?*

JHOON RHEE: The founding members of the League are myself, George Allen, Jack Anderson the columnist, Jim Simpson the NBC Sports Announcer, Jack Valenti of the Motion Pictures Association, and Mrs. Bruce Lee. And several other well-known figures.

DEADLY HANDS: *Thank you, Mr. Rhee. But in order to close this off with your own thoughts, please pass on to our readers any sort of message you might like to make to them.*

JHOON RHEE: I would like to say that it is good to learn to defend yourself. Not just for the fighting, but to build up confidence. We teach in martial arts, and especially in my style, positive mental attitudes. My philosophy is that we can achieve as far as our thought can reach. For instance, when I was young I wished that I could go to moon. That was just a fairytale. But it is a reality now! Based on that philosophy the things I want to accomplish aren't crazy ideas but very realistic concepts which will come about, in the not too long future.

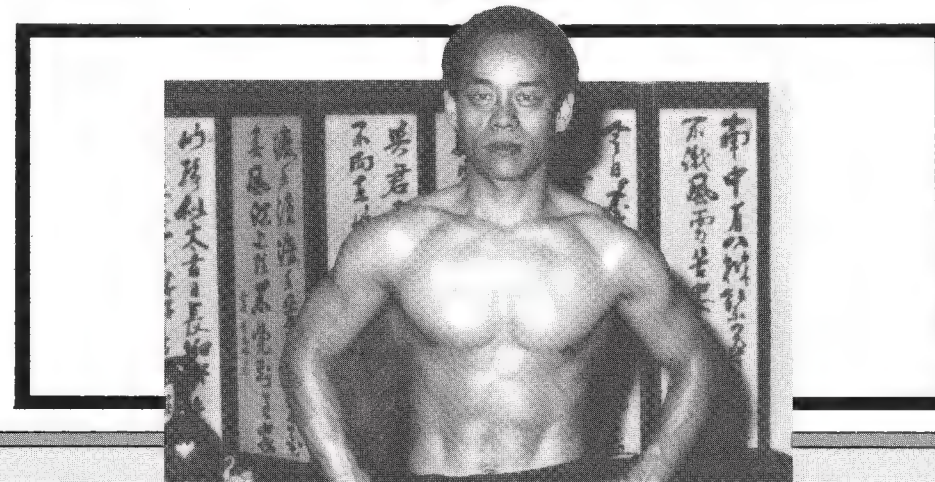
PART FOUR: EPILOGUE

The Koean empty-handed fighting system known as Tae Kwon Do dates back a considerable length of time under a variety of names and emphasises, to the third century AD, when it was first borrowed from the T'ang Dynasty of China and referred to a t'ang-su, or "T'ang hand." By the twentieth century the center of its development had shifted to central Korea and its name had become *Tae Kwon*, or occasionally *Tae Kwonpup*. After Korea gained independence in 1945 the various styles were examined and unified somewhat under the name *Tae Kwon Do*. *Tae* means to "kick or smash with the feet," *Kwon* has implications of "punching" or "destroying with the fist," and *Do* means "way," or possibly "method."

The implications of the name are violent ones and, indeed, Tae Kwon Do is one of the most martial of the "martial arts." But we must keep in mind that, as in all things, intent and manner of usage mean more than the implications of structure.

The following was engraved on one of the trophies in Jhoon Rhee's office:

*The ultimate aim of Karate
Lies not in victory or defeat
But in the perfection of
The character of its participants*



THE CORPSE RIDER

"THE ROAD TO *KYOTO* IS LIKE GREAT *SERPENT* WHICH WRITHES AND ARCHES, ONE NEVER KNOWING BEHIND WHICH OF THE MANY COILS ONE MAY FIND THAT *DRAGON'S* HEAD..."

--THE *TSUNE* SCROLLS.

MINSTRELS RECITE THEIR LYRICAL *KWAIDAN* OF THE ROAD THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS THAT WINDS ITS WAY TO *KYOTO*, BUT *MATSUURA KAZEHAMA* CARES LITTLE ABOUT SUCH TALES OF HAUNTS AND GOBLINS...

... AND WORRIES ABOUT MORE *SUBSTANTIAL* DEMONS, SUCH AS THIS MORNING'S RICE BALLS AND TONIGHT'S SAKÉ !



MOMENTS LATER, *CRIES* DRAW THE SAMURAI'S EYES DOWNWARD ...

A SAMURAI SO *YOUNG*, *MATSUURA* EVALUATES, AND ALREADY A *BANDIT*, DISGRACING HIS SWORD SO...

... STILL, HE PREFERS TO *RESERVE* HIS JUDGEMENT...

... UNTIL ...

... BUT THAT "UNTIL" IS NOT LONG IN COMING!



SCUM ! SCUM, I SAY!
DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM... ?
I AM A **SAMURAI** !
APOLOGIZE AT ONCE OR
I SHALL ... !

HA HAH HA ! A SAMURAI WHO
WISKS HIS **SOUL-STEEL** LIKE SOME
WOMAN'S BROOM ! AND WHY DOES A
"SAMURAI" WIELD HIS BLADE AGAINST
A **HARMLESS OLD SERVANT** ?



HE IS MY **WIFE'S**
MANSERVANT.. I-I.... WELL,
YOU SEE, I **DIVORCED** HER!
IT WAS FOR HER GOOD AS
WELL AS MINE ... I...

YOU **LEFT**
HER SO YOU
COULD BECOME
A "GREAT"
SAMURAI !

WAS SHE **BEAUTIFUL**,
LIKE CHERRY BLOSSOM WIND..?

FOOL !

WELL,
IT IS **DONE** NOW !
I WILL **NOT** BE
DRAGGED BACK BY ONE
SUCH AS **HIM** ...



BUT YOU **WRONG** ME,
YOUNG MASTER ...
I COME, NOT TO SEIZE
YOU, BUT TO BRING YOU
NEWS !

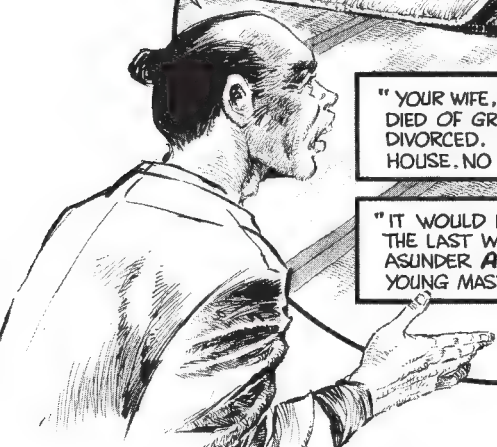
... **SAD, GRIM NEWS** !

NO ! NO !
YOU ARE **LYING**...
MAKING IT ALL UP !
VILE ... !

YOU **KILLED** HER,
YOUNG MASTER...
AND SHE SHALL **RISE**
FROM THE DEAD
TO CLAIM HER
VENGEANCE !

"YOUR WIFE, MASTER TAKEZO... IS **DEAD** ! SHE
DIED OF GRIEF AND **ANGER** AT HAVING BEEN
DIVORCED. HER BODY RESTS STILL WITHIN HER
HOUSE. NO ONE EVEN **SPEAKS** OF BURYING HER... !

"IT WOULD BE **USELESS** TO BURY HER.
THE LAST WISH OF A DYING PERSON CAN BURST
ASUNDER **ANY** TOMB ! THAT **WISH**,
YOUNG MASTER, WAS FOR **YOUR DEATH** ! "

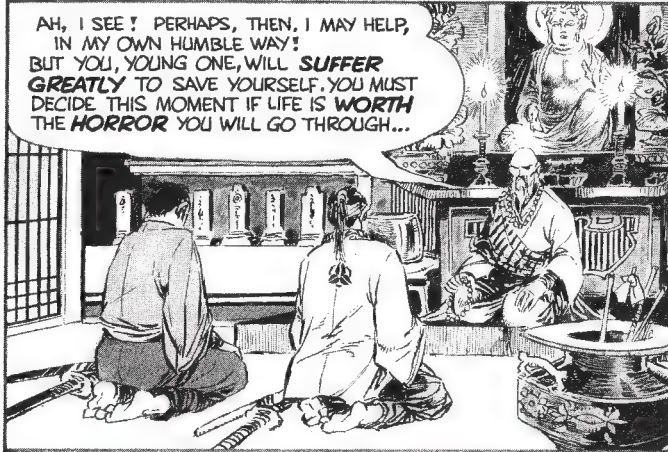


SEEING THAT THE YOUTHFUL WARRIOR IS NEARLY HYSTERICAL, MATSUURA "PERSUADES" THE MANSERVANT TO LEAVE. MATSUURA TAKES LITTLE STOCK IN TALES OF THE VENGEANCE OF THE DEAD...



... BUT, FAILING TO CALM THE TERROR-STRIKEN YOUTH, MATSUURA PROMISES TO HELP TAKEZO. IMMEDIATELY THEY LEAVE FOR A TEMPLE ISOLATED IN THE MOUNTAINS. RESPECTFULLY, THEY SEEK AUDIENCE WITH IT'S RESIDENT, KOBE'.

AH, I SEE! PERHAPS, THEN, I MAY HELP, IN MY OWN HUMBLE WAY! BUT YOU, YOUNG ONE, WILL SUFFER GREATLY TO SAVE YOURSELF. YOU MUST DECIDE THIS MOMENT IF LIFE IS WORTH THE HORROR YOU WILL GO THROUGH...



"... FOR THERE WILL BE NO TURNING BACK!"

IT IS THE NEXT MORNING WHEN THE TRIO REACH TAKEZO'S VILLAGE. NO ONE SLEPT WELL THE PREVIOUS NIGHT, THE FOREST SEEMINGLY LACED WITH SHADOWS, SUGGESTIONS OF UNNAMABLE TERROR.

NOW WIND ROARS ABOUT THEIR EARS AND, THOUGH HE REFUSES TO ADMIT IT, MATSUURA FEELS THE CHILL OF DREAD WORKING THROUGH HIS BONES!



TAKEZO, HIS FEATURES WASH WITH A FEARFUL PALLOR, LEADS MATSUURA AND KOBE' TO THE HOUSE THAT HOLD SO MANY MEMORIES FOR HIM...

GO NOW-- I SHALL MAKE PREPARATIONS, I AM SAFE. BUT YOU MUST RETURN HERE JUST BEFORE THE DUSK! I SHALL INSTRUCT YOU THEN!

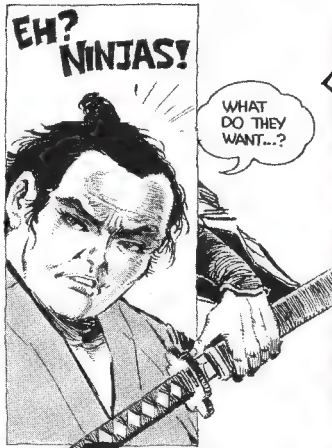
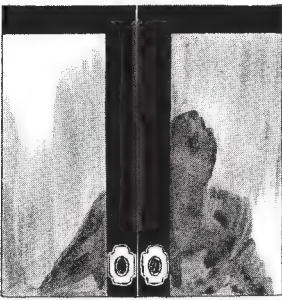


BAH! I DON'T KNOW WHY I STAY HERE? ALL THIS TALK OF THE DEAD COMING TO LIFE! CHILDREN'S TALES!

THEN LEAVE... IT IS MY SOUL AT STAKE!

BAH!







THE AFTERNOON PASSES SLOWLY, ANXIOUSLY, UNTIL FINALLY **DUSK** SETTLES ITS GLOVED HAND ACROSS THE SKY, CHOKING BACK THE DAY.



AH, I AM GLAD YOU HAVE COME... I WAS **WORRIED**. QUICKLY, NOW, YOU MUST DO WHAT I SAY!



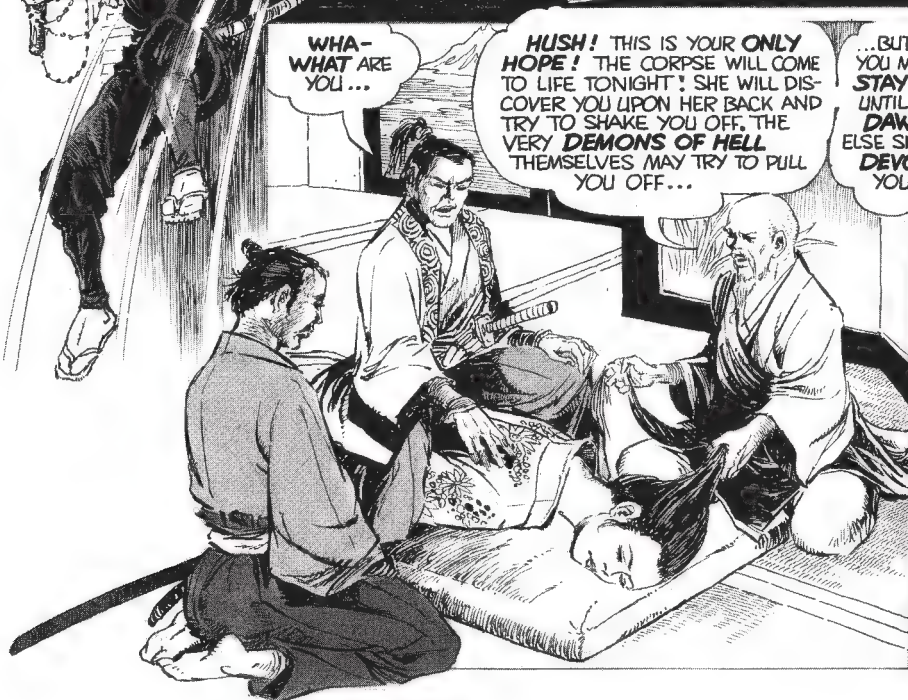
WHA-
WHAT ARE
YOU ...

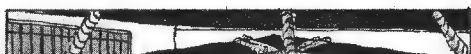
HUSH! THIS IS YOUR **ONLY HOPE!** THE CORPSE WILL COME TO LIFE TONIGHT! SHE WILL DISCOVER YOU UPON HER BACK AND TRY TO SHAKE YOU OFF. THE VERY **DEMONS OF HELL** THEMSELVES MAY TRY TO PULL YOU OFF...

...BUT YOU MUST **STAY ON** UNTIL THE **DAWN**, ELSE SHE WILL **DEVOUR** YOU!

I HAVE DONE ALL I CAN ... I **RETURN** NOW TO THE **TEMPLE!** IF YOU STAY UPON HER BACK UNTIL THE **DAWN**, YOU SHALL BE **SAFE**.

I SHALL **PRAY** FOR YOU!





SHADOWS DEEPEN. THE WIND SEEMS TO **CLAW** AND **TEAR** AT THE FLIMSY DWELLING LIKE SOMETHING **ALIVE**, PREYING UPON THE **FEAR** ALREADY GNAWING AT TAKEZO'S HEART...



WHY CAN'T IT GET **WARMER** IN HERE...
I'VE BEEN STOKING THIS DAMN FIRE ALL NIGHT!
BAH!
DRAFTY HOUSES!



TAKEZO.... DIES... VENGEANCE...
TAKEZO.....
MAYBE KAZEHAMA, TOO... DIE!



WHO?
WHO ARE YOU?
ANSWER ME!

HAHAHAHA!

KAZEHAMA!
KAZEHAMA!



BUT KAZEHAMA ANSWERS NOT. HE HAS **NO WORDS** TO EITHER COMFORT OR DEFEND AGAINST WHAT HIS SENSES TELL HIM TO **DISBELIEVE!**

MATSUURA **FEELS** THE STRENGTH SUCKED FROM HIS LIMBS. IT HAD NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM THAT ANY OF THE **PROPHECIES** WOULD COME **TRUE** THIS NIGHT. NOW INDECISIVENESS, LIKE A CANCER, **CONSUMES HIM!**



THE NIGHT AIR IS THICK, SALTY, AS IT CUTS ACROSS TAKEZO'S SWEATING FLESH. **TERROR** HAS MADE HIM **NUMB**. NOW HIS ONLY INSTINCT, HIS EVERY SENSE DIRECTS INSELF TO ONE GOAL...

...CLING!



NOTHING ELSE MATTERS ANYMORE... THE PAIN NUMBS, THE HORROR NUMBS! FOR TAKEZO, THE WORLD IS **NO LONGER REAL**...

...YET, FOR MATSUURA, IT HAS TAKEN UNTIL BRIEF MOMENTS EARLIER TO REALIZE THAT WHAT HE HAS SEEN **IS** REALITY!

HAA!!!
TAKEZO-SAN,
HAAII I...,
TAKEZO-SAN!



REALITY THAT BECOMES LIKE A **MAZE**, TWISTING, SHADOWS SHIFTING, TAKING **NEW FORMS**...



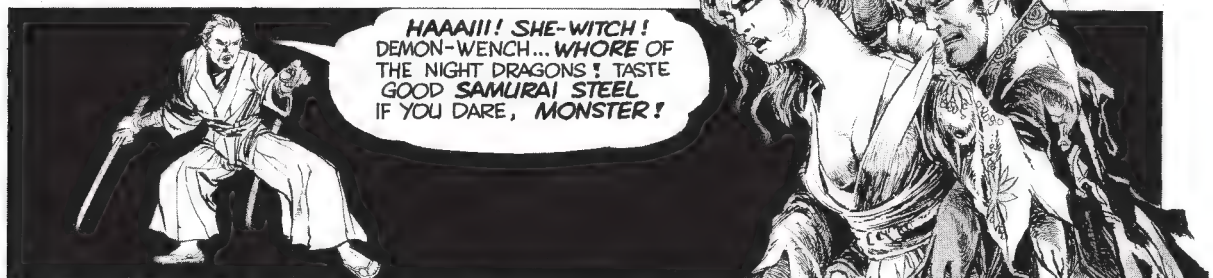


QUIET SMOTHERS DOWN OVER THE MOON-WASHED VILLAGE LIKE A THICK SALVE. MATSUURA FEELS ITS WEIGHT UPON HIM ...

I-I CANNOT ATTACK THE SHE-DEMON WITH MY **SWORD**... SHE IS TOO FAST! NO, I MUST FIND SOME WAY TO ENTRAP HER...!



MATSUURA **DISAPPEARS** INTO THE NIGHT BRIEFLY,
RETURNING JUST AS THE SHE-DEVIL HAS FINISHED
HER **GHASTLY FEAST**...





MATSUURA **FEELS** AND GIVES **PASSING NOTICE** TO ITS COMFORT, YET HIS HANDS TENSE.



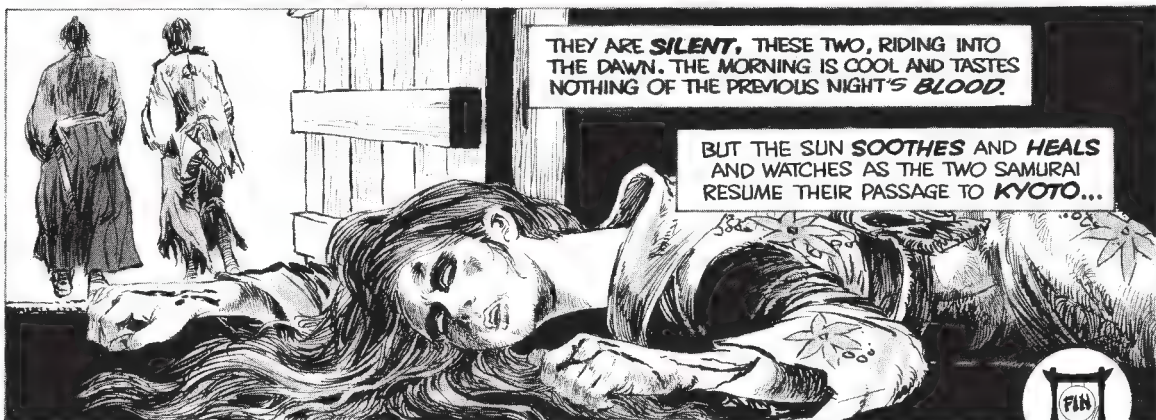
MATSUURA-SAN...
KILL ME.
DON'T LEAVE ME LIVING
WITH THE **MEMORY**
OF THIS NIGHT!

FOOL!
WILL YOU **GIVE** THAT
CORPSE VICTORY IT COULD
NOT ITSELF CLAIM? DID
YOUR SUFFERING MEAN
NOTHING?



IS THIS THE BOY
WHO WOULD BECOME
A **SAMURAI**,
AT ALL COSTS.

HAI, PERHAPS YOU
ARE RIGHT... THE
TRIALS OF THIS
LIFE ASSUME MANY
STRANGE FORMS. BUT
I WILL NOT SOON
FORGET THIS NIGHT--
SWEET BUDDAH!
BUT PERHAPS I
LIVE WITH MY
PHANTOMS NOW...

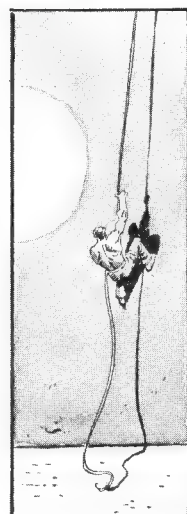
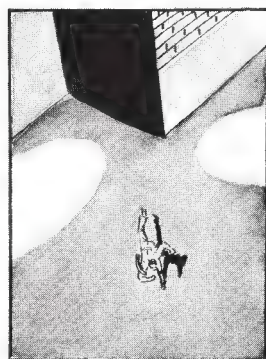
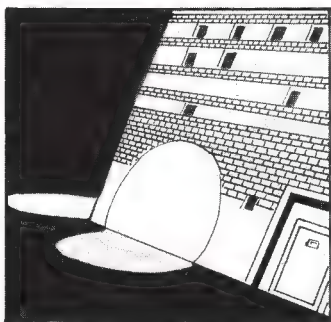
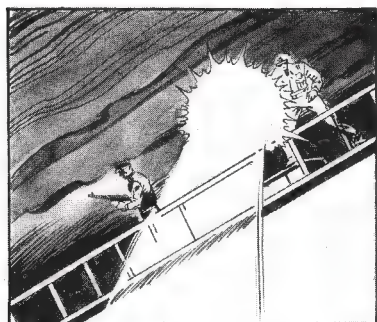
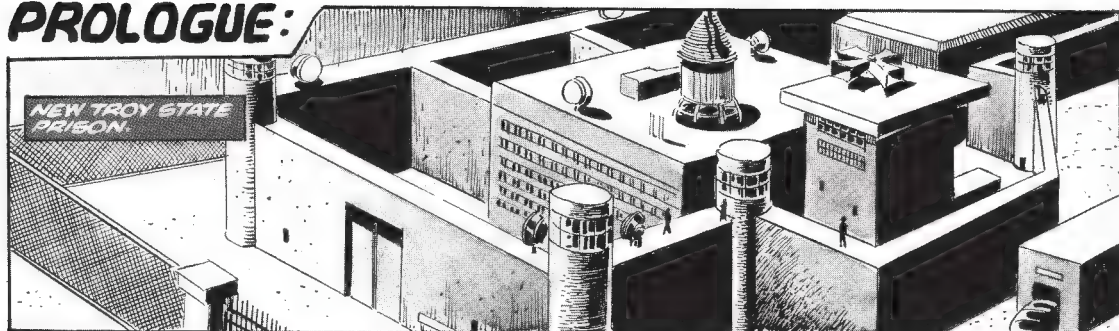


THEY ARE **SILENT**, THESE TWO, RIDING INTO
THE DAWN. THE MORNING IS COOL AND TASTES
NOTHING OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S **BLOOD**.

BUT THE SUN **SOOTHES** AND **HEALS**
AND WATCHES AS THE TWO SAMURAI
RESUME THEIR PASSAGE TO **KYOTO**...



PROLOGUE:

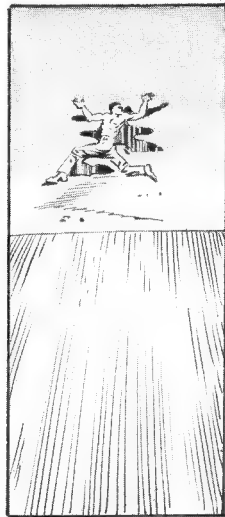
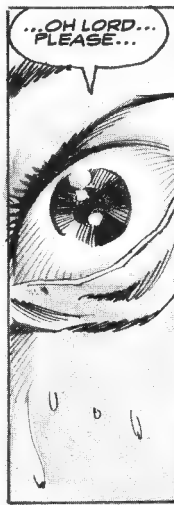
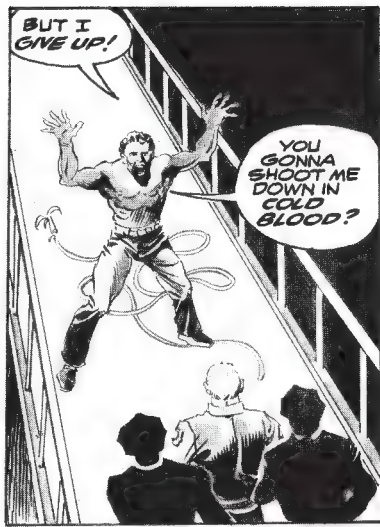
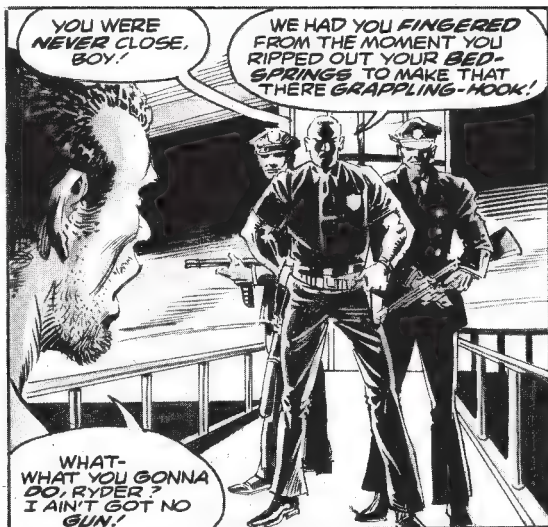


ALMOST HOME FREE, BROTHER HULL!

PLEASE LORD, NO SLIP-UPS NOW!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BOY!

NO!! NOT WHEN I'M SO CLOSE!



SONS OF THE TIGER

CHAPTER I

The RITES of EVERY CITIZEN

WELL, ABE, LIN, LOTUS!
HERE IT IS!

MY AGENT SAYS IT
HARDLY COST A THING!
THE CITY WAS GOING TO
CONDEMN IT, BUT WE
PROMISED THEM THAT
WE COULD GET IT INTO
DECENT ENOUGH SHAPE
TO MAKE IT A REALLY
VALUABLE ADDITION
TO THE COMMUNITY!

I MEAN-- JUST THINK
ABOUT IT, GUYS! THE SONS
OF THE TIGER NOW HAVE
THEIR VERY OWN KUNG FU
SCHOOL!

ISN'T THAT
GREAT?

YOU--UH-- COULDN'T
HAVE FOUND ONE IN A
LITTLE BETTER
SHAPE, COULD YOU,
BOB?



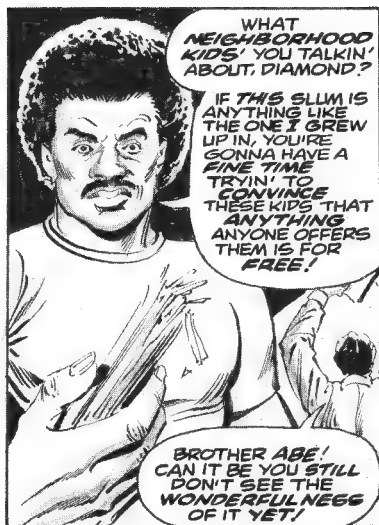
I MEAN, I'M NOT ARGUING THAT IT'S A GOOD IDEA!

NEW YORK'S LOWER EAST SIDE COULD USE A SCHOOL THAT TEACHES THE MARTIAL ARTS CORRECTLY-- ESPECIALLY FOR FREE-- BUT--



AH! SAY NO MORE, LIN MY FRIEND!

FREE IS THE MAGIC WORD! I'LL BET WE CAN GET THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS TO HELP US GET THIS PLACE IN SHAPE--ONCE THEY KNOW THAT IT'S ALL FOR THEM!



WHAT NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS? YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, DIAMOND?

IF THIS SLUM IS ANYTHING LIKE THE ONE I GREW UP IN, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A FINE TIME TRYIN' TO CONVINCE THESE KIDS THAT ANYTHING ANYONE OFFERS THEM IS FOR FREE!

BROTHER ABE! CAN IT BE YOU STILL DON'T SEE THE WONDERFULNESS OF IT YET!



I GOT TO ADMIT-- OOOOFF!

PERHAPS THEY'RE RIGHT, BOB! PERHAPS THIS IS NOT WHAT YOU PICTURE IT TO BE!

YOU TOO, LOTUS, MY LOVE?

WELL, I CAN SEE A DEMONSTRATION IS IN ORDER!



LOOK, GUYS! THESE KIDS'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING BUT GARBAGE THEIR WHOLE LIVES!

NOBODY HAS EVER SAID-- "HEY, KID! YOU WANT TO REALLY LEARN SOMETHING?"

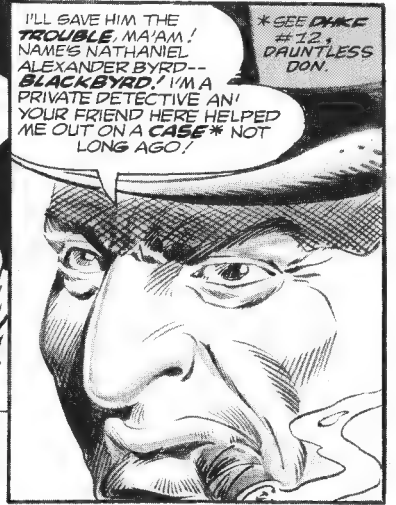
WELL, I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM THAT CHANCE. KUNG-FU HAS CHANGED ALL OF US IN DIFFERENT WAYS AND--

CRUMMY TELEVISION! COMIC BOOKS! MOVIES!...

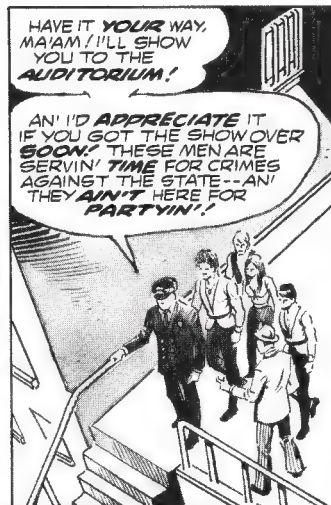
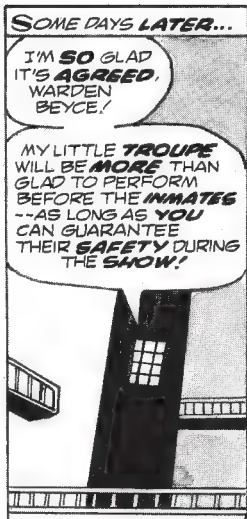
KRASH!

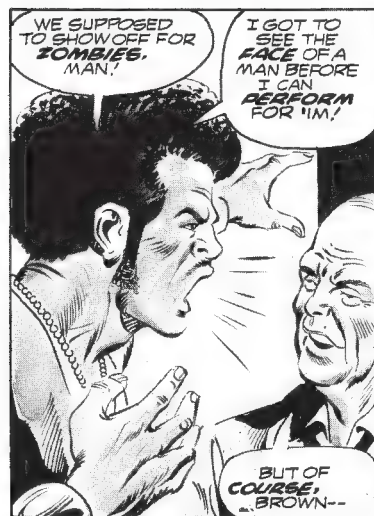
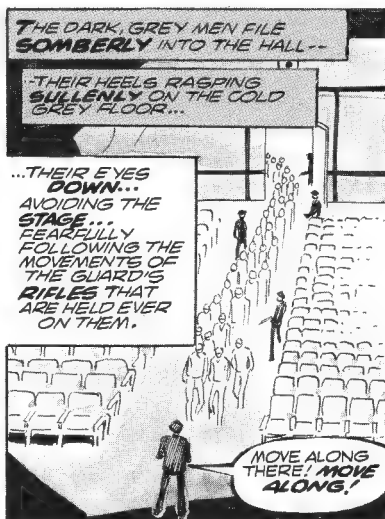
OH!

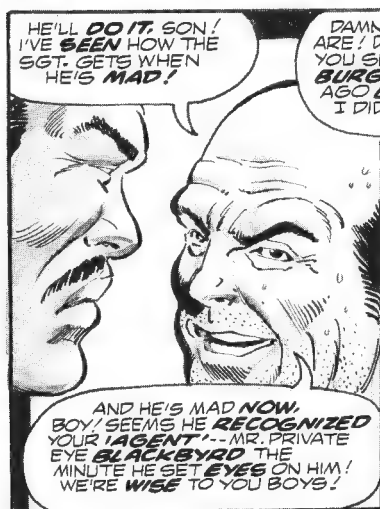
BOB! ARE YOU--?

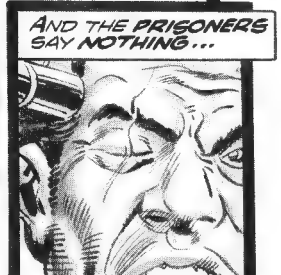
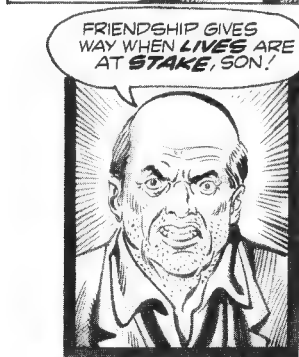












USE YOUR WEAPON,
MY BROTHER--

--OR IS YOUR COWARD'S
HEART AS BLACK
AS THE REST OF YOU?

...BUT IT'S TARGET
IS NOT LIN SUN...

THAT SINKS IT,
SLANT!

YOU ASKED FOR
IT--AND YOU'RE
GONNA GET
IT!

THE BO STAFF IS
HURLED FROM ABE
BROWN'S HAND...

WOK!

URRGHH!

WELL-
AIMED, ABE!
HE'S DROPPED
HIS GUN!

HEY!!
THEY HIT
RYDER!

THE PRISONER'S EYES
OPEN...

WRCHOK!

...AND LIN SUN'S
WHIRLING
NUNCHUK
SMASHES THE
GUARD.

THE INMATES COME ALIVE!

AND THEIR FIRST THOUGHT IN
LIFE...

THE
MAN DROPPED
HIS HEATER,
BROTHERS--

--Y'HEAR?
HE DROPPED
HIS GUN!

...IS DEATH TO THEIR
TORMENTORS!

AN' I
PICKED
IT UP!

IT'S
MINE,
BROTHERS!
MINE!!

KILL THE
BASTARDS--

--LIKE
THEY BEEN
KILLIN'
US!!





'ESPECIALLY WHEN **THEY** HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT **KILLING US!**

KNEW THEY WERE FEDS...

... STILL GOT A CHANCE THO'-- ALL I NEED'S A **HOSTAGE!**



ONCE I ALLOWED YOU TO PLACE A **GUN** TO MY **HEAD**, SGT. --



--THUS SETTING THE **STAGE** FOR YOUR **DOWNFALL!**

I WILL **NOT** BE PLACED IN THAT POSITION **AGAIN!**

WHITT!
YOU'RE **GOOD**, LADY-- BUT NOT SO GOOD THAT YOU WON'T LET YOURSELF BE FOOLED BY A **DECOY** IF I MOVE **FAST ENOUGH!**



TCHOK!

AN' BELIEVE ME, THERE A **BLACK BELT** IN **KARATE** MAKES YOU A **WEAPON OF WAR** NOT **PEACE!**

I LEARNED MY **MARTIAL ARTS** IN '**NAM**, SISTER!

AN' I DON'T MIND **KILLIN'** A **LADY** NEITHER!

YOU **SLANTS** ARE ALL THE SAME TO ME!



RYDER! IF YOU'VE **HURT HER**--!

TAKE CARE O' **BUSINESS**, BRO'! I'LL HELP THE **OTHERS!**



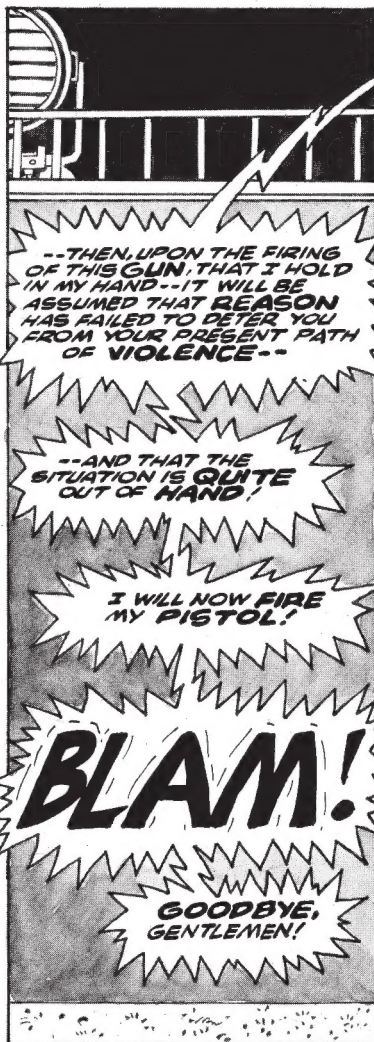
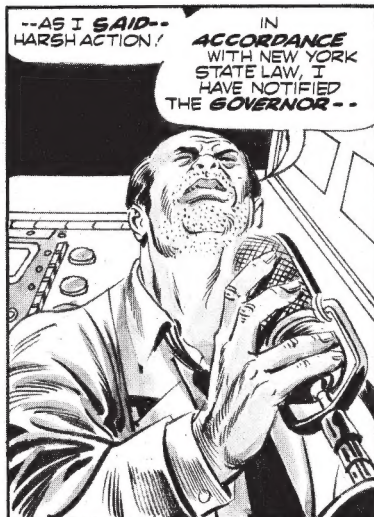
WHAT, CHINK? WHAT'LL YOU DO?

I HAVE **NEVER** TRIED TO **KILL** A **MAN**, RYDER!



I BELIEVED **ALL** LIFE IS **SACRED**-- EVEN THAT OF A **SLUG** LIKE YOU!





NEXT ISSUE

An exclusive, indepth interview with **ROBERT (ENTER THE DRAGON) CLOUSE** as **DEADLY HANDS** presents a revealing insight into the making of the **AUTHENTIC** film biography of **BRUCE LEE**.

NEAL ADAMS strikes anew with a brilliant cover featuring **Bruce Lee** in his lethal fight to the death with the villainous **Han**!

But do we stop there? Sheath your

katana, **Yakuza**, because **Shang-Chi** and the **Tiger Sons** also return...as the search for the **Golden Dragon** takes a twist far stranger than any yet revealed!

And that's just the beginning of the excitement, but you won't know that unless you pick up **DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #17**. And remember... we might not be watching...but you never know who will be!





Shadowcat

